

the dream is over.

The vision has fled.

Dead leaves are lying.

Where roses have blown.

Withered and brown.

The flowers I cherished.

All have perished.

But grief alone.

My heart was a garden.

Where fresh leaves grew.

Flowers there were many.

And weeds a few.

Cold winds blew.

And the frost came thither.

For flowers will wither.

And weeds renew.

Youth's bright palace.

Is overthrown.

With its diamond sceptre.

And golden throne.

As a time-worn stone.

Its turrets are humbled.

All have crumbled.

But grief alone.

Whither, oh! whither.

Have fled away.

The dreams and hopes.

Of my early day.

Ruined and gray.

Are the towers I build.

And the beams that glided.

Ah! where are they?

Once this world.

Was fresh and bright.

With its golden moon.

And starry night.

Glad and light.

By mountain and river.

Have I lost the giver.

With dashed delight.

These were the days.

Of story and song.

When Hope had a meaning.

And Faith was strong.

"Life will be long."

And with Love's gleaming.

Such were my dreams.

But, ah! how wrong!

Youth's illusions.

O'er by one.

Have passed like clouds.

That the sun looked on.

While morning shone.

How purple their fringes!

How aye their tinges!

When that was gone!

Darkness that cometh.

Ere morn has fled—

Boughs that wither.

Ere fruits are shed—

Death bells instead.

Of a bride's pealings—

Such are my feelings.

Since Hope is dead!

Sad is the knowledge.

That cometh with years—

Bitter the tree.

That is watered with tears.

Truth appears.

With his wise predictions.

Then vanish the fictions.

Of boyhood's years.

As fire-fleets fade.

When the nights are damp—

As meteors are quenched.

In a stagnant swamp—

Thus Charlemagne's camp.

Where the Paladins rally.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

the dream is over.

The vision has fled.

Dead leaves are lying.

Where roses have blown.

Withered and brown.

The flowers I cherished.

All have perished.

But grief alone.

My heart was a garden.

Where fresh leaves grew.

Flowers there were many.

And weeds a few.

Cold winds blew.

And the frost came thither.

For flowers will wither.

And weeds renew.

Youth's bright palace.

Is overthrown.

With its diamond sceptre.

And golden throne.

As a time-worn stone.

Its turrets are humbled.

All have crumbled.

But grief alone.

Whither, oh! whither.

Have fled away.

The dreams and hopes.

Of my early day.

Ruined and gray.

Are the towers I build.

And the beams that glided.

Ah! where are they?

Once this world.

Was fresh and bright.

With its golden moon.

And starry night.

Glad and light.

By mountain and river.

Have I lost the giver.

With dashed delight.

These were the days.

Of story and song.

When Hope had a meaning.

And Faith was strong.

"Life will be long."

And with Love's gleaming.

Such were my dreams.

But, ah! how wrong!

Youth's illusions.

O'er by one.

Have passed like clouds.

That the sun looked on.

While morning shone.

How purple their fringes!

How aye their tinges!

When that was gone!

Darkness that cometh.

Ere morn has fled—

Boughs that wither.

Ere fruits are shed—

Death bells instead.

Of a bride's pealings—

Such are my feelings.

Since Hope is dead!

Sad is the knowledge.

That cometh with years—

Bitter the tree.

That is watered with tears.

Truth appears.

With his wise predictions.

Then vanish the fictions.

Of boyhood's years.

As fire-fleets fade.

When the nights are damp—

As meteors are quenched.

In a stagnant swamp—

Thus Charlemagne's camp.

Where the Paladins rally.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

And the Diamond Valley.

the dream is over.

The vision has fled.

Dead leaves are lying.

Where roses have blown.

Withered and brown.

The flowers I cherished.

All have perished.

But grief alone.

My heart was a garden.

Where fresh leaves grew.

Flowers there were many.

And weeds a few.

Cold winds blew.

And the frost came thither.

For flowers will wither.

And weeds renew.

Youth's bright palace.

Is overthrown.

With its diamond sceptre.

And golden throne.

As a time-worn stone.

Its turrets are humbled.

All have crumbled.

But grief alone.

Whither, oh! whither.

Have fled away.

The dreams and hopes.

Of my early day.

Ruined and gray.

Are the towers I build.

And the beams that glided.

Ah